



Cusp of Adulthood

Batch 2 has now moved onto Semester 5 which no longer calls for periodic updates of Substack pieces for marks. But some of us have chosen to keep it going. Here is Group1 of Batch 2 with their pieces.



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Perfectly imperfect or otherwise

by Shivki, 21JIP050

I've come a long way after fighting my own doubts and persuading the rest of the world to believe in me. My narrative is far longer than what you are about to read.



My story of her

She was disciplined, lovely, kind, and courteous. She was a wife, a mother, and a daughter in law, and a lot more. Highly skilled and constantly taken leverage of, highly subservient but constantly shouted at, and quite honest but still questioned. She maintained her kindness, beauty, decorum, and discipline while maintaining a permanent smile on her face. Her husband was killed by his friends and cousins on the day she gave birth to her youngest daughter. He never saw the little girl and she never saw her dad.

She lost every single dime she owned that day and was left a widow with six children. Everyone began claiming that she is a bad omen and a curse on everyone in her vicinity. Although she had a shattered heart, she was still sweet, lovely, courteous, and



but I no longer believe it. I do understand that she wanted us to be happy and unconcerned despite the fact that she was in too much agony.

On my cusp of adulthood, I realized that instead of people being nasty or unpleasant to her; she was incredibly wonderful and kind to everyone around her. When I began to adopt a different viewpoint on things—one that was a bit more optimistic and a little less critical. I had a completely different perspective to consider. The shloka from The Geeta along with right and evil began to make sense.

Not very mature, but I remind myself to try not to talk or do things when they are not necessary rather than instructing others what to do and what not to. I chose to eat a piece of cake rather than the entire thing and to walk an extra mile rather than weeping about my overweight body shape and empty bank account. Instead of hiding in the back, I choose the first bench and instead of the last and talk privately after class. I do weep occasionally, but these days it usually happens when I'm with myself or when I let it all out in front of my parents and sisters. I always remind myself that everything happens for a reason, and that reason has perpetually my best interests. I don't walk alone with my head facing the floor, hiding those quivering sobs, rather I walk with my head held up high with a smile embracing the beautiful life and such a great family I'm blessed with.

People have occasionally told me that in order for me to live and enjoy my life, I need to be more pragmatic, sociable, and youthful. They advise me to voice my displeasure about things and to be less patient and understanding of others. Despite my countless attempts, I eventually come to the wondering that it is too late for that.

My mother has evolved into a reliable solution to all of my issues, from how many whistles are required to correctly cook a potato to all of my guy problems. Not only does my dad always encourage me, but he also serves as my lifelong counsel while making decisions of any type. My sisters willingly agreed to be my constant, unpaid therapist and confidantes. I think to myself that now since I'm will aware of every single thing I am blessed with, I should endeavor to extricate myself from the pit the world forced me into.

Accepting my flaws and attempting to improve them while still instilling the greatest principles and values is how I'm approaching maturity. I am well aware that I am neither a perfect student nor a friend, but my parents believe I am on the right path to become a wonderful person and that is all the reassurance I need. The fact that I am self-aware and receptive of unexpected circumstances in life is something I choose to be grateful for.

I'm perfectly imperfect, or otherwise- imperfectly perfect.



Adulthood is here. She walks on eggshells around me, lest I get into a meltdown over growing up and out of my childhood, which though filled with large periods of bullying and agony of being a not-very-pretty misfit, is something that I do not wish to let go of. I'm told that most of adulthood is difficult and is made up of things that *you do not want to do but have to do*.

But she is kind to me, so far. Accommodative to my unwillingness to let go of the past, she sits at the foot of my bed coaxing me, whispering the treasures she beholds.

On days when I travel alone for long hours in a BMTC bus, or when I've crossed out everything on my to-do list and come back home to a clean room, or when I successfully hold back tears in the face of broken friendships, I can see what she is talking about.

Adulthood boasts of freedom, independence and energy. You will have a lot on your plate but you will also have the time to learn the skills to man your flight to greater riches and enough passion to fuel the journey in money and power's absentia.

But even with all those attractive promises, I remain reluctant to give in to her. She's beautiful, she's new, she's exciting; But she's unfamiliar, I don't know her. And mumma tells me to stay away from strangers.

What if I get it all wrong? What if I'm stuck in a loop of mediocrity and tedium, and never make it to the luxurious shore of success? What if I never amount up to



Mathematics to the tune of Titanic again; Pazar and I won't sit on roofs making academic plans for the future, and I might never make another joke with Karan. And never again will I make *Dosas* out of leaves for my cousin that I've pampered to death.

It is not a fair bargain.

I do not wish to give up on making more of those memories, I wish to remain a child.

But it is inevitable, isn't it? Growing up?

I was five, I was fifteen, I will soon be twenty; age only ever goes up.

Adulthood reminds me that I cannot rebel against her onset. I have to welcome her and wear my age gracefully, she tells me.

And I'm manipulating myself to look forward to all of it.

Mumma says:

आगे आने वाला शहर कितना भी खूबसूरत हो, पीछे छूटने वाला घर बेचैन कर ही देता है

(No matter how beautiful the city ahead is, the home that you leave behind will always make you restless)

This is a threshold that once left, cannot be returned to.

An important aspect of adulthood is leaving home, which I'm destined for in another 8 months.

And sure, I'll make a new home of my own in the future, but in its backyard, I will never be 7 with a 30 something mother building houses out of sticks and running behind dogs named 'Adlya'.

Maybe in this day and age, you're never too far. Home is always a day away from the farthest place you can think of. But once you leave, you can only ever return as a visitor. And then again, if you don't leave you will never feel the distance, and it is the distance that makes everything sweeter, no?

Returning is only pleasant if you leave; Your absence is what makes your fleeting visits a celebration.

The act of leaving and growing up makes me restless.

But I have to leave, I have to grow up.

Everybody does, so will I.

I don't want to but I have to.

I guess, adulthood has already begun.

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